

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1901.

NUMBER 39

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

A BACKWARD LOOK.

O'ER DAYS THAT WERE TOO BRIEF.

When John Howard Payne wrote—
"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,"

he voiced a sentiment that millions of hearts echo every day.

There is something here that we miss in all other places, an air, a hominess, an indescribable something that brings to the heart a sweet contentment, a sense of rest and comfort, not to be found elsewhere, however much more elegant other surroundings may be.

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there."

We are home again from a most enjoyable trip, and busy with the annual duties of the season.

Pomona reigns, and into our lap is dropping such lavish bounty that we are obliged to give away what we can not sell nor attend to ourselves; for after all the severe drought of the Summer, the fruit trees seemed to recover with the advent of rain, and are breaking down with their weight of delicious fruit, and the grapes are unusually abundant.

We could name a dozen and more deaf friends whom we wish were right here to help enjoy Pomona's gifts.

While we wish we might remain among the congenial people we met during our late trip, and dreaded the return to this little country town, where *ennui* seizes upon us and holds us like a nightmare from which our only escape is employment of mind and body in some congenial, absorbing occupation, yet, we were glad to turn the key in the lock and once more cross the threshold of HOME upon our arrival.

Every inanimate object seemed to breathe a welcome, from the favorite chair to the pictures on the walls, and we settled down once more to the eventful routine of life in a lifeless village, glad that within our own walls, all is pleasant and congenial, and we can shut out what is not.

Now for our trip, to which we cast many a backward look, living over again, in memory, some very happy days.

To Indiana's beautiful metropolis we went, and out to the stately old edifices where the graduates and former pupils were gathering by scores to renew old times and show their loyalty to their honored *Alma Mater*.

Superintendent Johnson certainly looked the welcome he extended to each comer, and throughout the reunion was one of the crowd—and a jolly one, ready to crack a chestnut or laugh at a jest with the next one. And unlike some Superintendents at similar functions, he did not keep to his own private dining-room, enjoying dainties that could not be supplied to the large gathering of the deaf. With his family and officers he sat down with the rest and took an interest in all that went on.

That is your true Superintendent! Some who make great and continued protestations of loving the deaf, when weighed in the balance of actions, are—plain humbugs, loving the fat salary that accrues to their office.

Our good friend Archibald did the reunion very shabby, scant justice, in his write-up of the affair, but then he was always of the quiet kind, (some one has said that still waters run deep, and the *old boy* is at the bottom!) not given to loquacity; in short, too modest by half, and then, on the occasion, it took all his time to pay his homage to the many pretty girls present, and when the affair was over he had noted little, save that each charmer in turn was prettier and more fascinating than the rest, and all were adorable.

Orson, Orson! do make a supreme effort, choose one from among the many,—if you have to do it by lot, with bandaged eyes,—and settle down to the pleasant task of convincing one little woman that after all she was the only one you ever really cared for. Women like to swallow such sweet little terradiddles.

But inasmuch as friend Archi-

bald wrote of the business side of the affair and gave the program, we will confine our letter to the personal and reminiscent side.

We have attended reunions, conventions and various gath rings in different states, and have yet to find the crowd that can throw the Indiana Association in the shade. There is a grace and dignity, combined with cordiality, that makes Indiana's graduates noticeable in large gatherings of the deaf, and to this is added unusual business ability and sound logic on the part of the men.

The small attendance of old-timers was much regretted, and we trust that the next reunion will show that they have not lost interest in their *Alma Mater* and former associates.

Among those who may be called old-timers who were in attendance, were: Rev. and Mrs. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Amos French, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lower, Mrs. Alice Hanson, (a sister-in-law of Supt. James S. Brown, 1845-1853,) Mr. and Mrs. Wood, J. C. Loving, (a pupil under Supt. Brown,) and at this late date—three weeks after the affair—recollection fails to corner the rest.

The absence of Mrs. Naomi Hiatt Dare was much regretted, and we trust that both she and Mr. Dare will find it convenient to attend the next gathering of the clans. Mrs. Dare was one of the best teachers the Indiana School ever had, and holds a very warm place in the hearts of those who know her well.

Jolly Mrs. Martindale, of Elkhart, was another whose absence was deplored. No crowd in which she alights can long be a dull one. She would infuse life into a company of wooden cigar signs, or clothing-house figures.

Mr. and Mrs. Lang, of Orleans, Mr. Jutt, Mr. Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Todd, Mr. Girard, Rev. Mr. Hasenstab—these are a few of the bright lights not yet meriting the name of "old timers" that we recall. The younger members of the fraternity were there in force, and it is greatly to their credit that, despite the few older members present, the whole affair went off without a hitch, and with everybody happy, smiling, and quite unwilling to say the parting word when the end came.

See Harris and Arthur Norris were particularly active, and of course, Mr. Berg was everywhere at once.

Dear old Dr. Latham would not be left out. His boys and girls, that he had taught, admonished, praised, scolded, petted and punished in days gone by, were were back in the old halls, and on Sunday morning he came creeping out to see them. In front of the main entrance, and again in the office, he held a heart-warming levee, his "boys and girls" crowding around him to shake hands and exchange greetings.

Another teacher who had a happy little side reunion of her own, was Miss Coe. Among her former pupils who greeted her there were George B. Adkins, Mrs. Cora Street Thornbrough, Dora L. Flinn, Mrs. Estella Conwell Stevick, Frank E. Masterson, George Harmoning, Israel Bright, John N. Miller, Ella Mensaugh, James Lefevre, Jesse Horrall, James Fahey, Angeline Riggs, and Fletcher Sackett.

Miss May Brandenburg was one whose presence gladdened many hearts, and she evidently had an enjoyable time. To know Miss May is to love her.

Miss Laura Thornburg was one of the handsomest of the many handsome young ladies present, also one of the best dressers.

Other swell dressers whom we now recall to mind, were Miss Pearl Kriwitz, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Thornbrough, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Whitmore, Mrs. Binkley, Miss Kinsley, Miss Ackerman, Miss Stockberger.

One very attractive feature of the gathering was the bevy of fair young wives, some of them brides of a few months only, who formed an almost inseparable little coterie of their own, with their happy looking life partners hovering about. They were Mr. and Mrs. Thornbrough, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore, and these *chaperoned* Miss Kriwitz and Mr. Harris.

Miss Kriwitz is one of the pret-

tiest of Indiana's many pretty daughters, a brown-eyed blonde. Mrs. Thornbrough is another brown-eyed blonde, with rose leaf complexion, tall, willowy, graceful and dignified, a most lovely bride, whose proud husband evidently deserves the prize he won.

Mrs. Harrison's sweetness and charming manners won many praises, and her presence was a pleasure to all who met her. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison now reside in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd and Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore, while not so recently married as the two couples above mentioned, have evidently not yet seen the waning of their honeymoon, and the little *coterie* made a very pretty picture of happiness and congeniality. May the snows of age light gently upon their heads, long years hence, and find them still as happy as they are today, is our earnest prayer.

Petite Mrs. Berg is the same charming, lovable little lady, that she was when a school girl in her teens. It was a lucky man who drew her in the matrimonial lottery.

Miss Lydia Tappin surprised and pleased her old friends by appearing on Sunday, but disappointed them by the brevity of her stay.

The Sunday excursions brought numbers who could not get away sooner.

Among those who came from Cincinnati, we noted two charming ladies, Mrs. Dundon and Miss Frank, both of whom it is a pleasure to know.

Ed. Binkley delighted his old comrades by showing up on Sunday, having been unable to pull away from the farm sooner.

His charming wife and lovely little daughter, Ida, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Holycross during the reunion, and accompanied him home Sunday evening. A merry little party went to the depot to see them off, consisting of Misses Coe and Trueblood, and Messrs. Dunn and Robert Binkley.

John P. Jack came up from his Kentucky home, and added one more smiling face to the large number upon which it did us good to gaze, and one more good right hand which we were glad to clasp. It was regretted that his sister, Miss Lizzie, was prevented from accompanying him by illness.

Mr. Dunn was another Kentuckian whose genial presence was much enjoyed. He entertained Mr. Jutt during the latter's visit to Louisville, showing him the sights, etc.

Mrs. Fannie Lamme Gustin surprised her old friends by bobbing up serenely on Sunday, in company with Mrs. Jutt. She was a teacher at the school previous to her marriage, and contrary to the usual custom, has by no means lost her excellent command of the sign-language. She could masquerade as a mute, any day. Old friends were delighted to see her once more. She had her little daughter with her.

Mrs. Jennie Patten Kingon and Mrs. Maggie Carson Moss renewed old times together.

As school girls, they were a team that was hard very hard to beat. Mrs. Florence Adams Leach should have been with them.

Mrs. Mattie Chandler —, there! we've forgotten the name of the happy man who captured that charming daughter of the Hoosier Institution,—but no one can forget "Mattie."

She presented the same smiling, blooming face that looked down from the rostrum on Commencement Day in 1879.

Miss Samantha Pritchett was another very handsome daughter of the Institution who graced the occasion.

Miss Mary Ackerman looks scarcely a day older than when she bade good-bye to the school-room. She is a fine dancer, as we noted at the little hop which followed the banquet, and at which she appeared in a charming evening gown.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bixler added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion by their presence with their little daughters, Ruth and Helen. Little Ruth is quite an expert interpreter already, though only seven years old. Baby Helen was made quite a pet by the old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bixler.

Mr. Bixler is doing a thriving business at his photograph gallery

in North Manchester, Ind., and was appointed official photographer for the reunion. The group which he took on the front steps turned out finely, as we saw by the proof shown us on Monday morning, and we await the finished picture with eager impatience. These reunion photographs will grow more and more precious to us as years speed by and one by one of the friends drop out to join those "gone before."

We may have to build a special addition to our humble abode, some day, to accommodate the accumulating photographs, but we can not have too many. Our collection of photographs is one of our chief treasures. (We hope an army of far-away friends will take that hint, and at once begin a merry bombardment with their "pictures.")

John A. Mills, also of North Manchester, was one of the eligibles upon whom many pretty maidens smiled: John is beginning to wear his hair decollete.

Oscar Shaffer was one of the best looking young men present. He is a brother of Mrs. Jutt, and a fine young man.

John Johannes circulated quietly, seeing everything but saying little. John is one of Indiana's best sons, and his friends would enjoy much more of his society than he grants them.

Were he not deaf, we're morally certain that he would adorn the bench in some court-room, and dispense justice with a dignity past compare.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jackson and pretty baby were circulating among their many friends. They are both witty, sociable and well-liked.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swift entertained Miss Daisy Hostetler.

Mr. and Mrs. Berg entertained Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore.

John Cavanaugh came out Sunday, looking lonesome, his vivacious better half being away on a visit.

August Moellering and Sam. Heilbronner blew in on the Sunday excursion from Fort Wayne.

Really! we had no chance to "pass the time of day" with half of those who merely dropped in between trains on Sunday.

Mr. President! We arise to move an amendment to our constitution and by-laws, providing for the heavy fine of all who do not come early, stay late, and give all their friends a chance to bask in the sunshine of their countenances. Seconded, carried!

Mrs. S. E. Mannon—O pshaw! we meant to write each matron's name so that old friends could recognize her, whether they were aware of her marriage or not, so we will correct that and write Mrs. *Katie Day Mannon*—evidently enjoyed the gathering to the full. Her shining eyes were good to look into.

Mr. and Mrs. Grubbs were a happy couple whom we could not help noticing. Mrs. Grubbs was Miss Allie Drenning.

Miss Draeger and her tall brother were two noticeable young people, both very pleasant.

Miss Henning was one of the popular younger set—one of the recent graduates.

It is almost like hunting a needle in a hay-stack to single out particular persons in that large gathering—269 registered, while many more dropped in all day Sunday, and at other times, without registering. We regret that we did not secure the list, for there were many more of whom we would speak, and whose friends, who failed to attend the gathering, would be glad to see mentioned here.

It was a grand, good, glorious gathering, than which we never attended a more enjoyable.

In no gathering of the deaf have we ever noted better manners, better style in gowns, greater courtesy, more brilliant conversation, more grace and dignity of bearing, and yet more sincerity and sociability than at the late Fifth Triennial Reunion of the Indiana Association of the Deaf,—the most successful one yet held. Could Mr. Willard, Mr. Brown and Dr. MacIntire have been there, their hearts would have been full and their eyes would have beamed with pleasure—as did present Supt. Johnson's—to see the results of

their years of labor among Indiana's deaf children.

Mr. Wm. J. Hayes, of Montpelier, an orally educated young man, who is now rapidly picking up the "poetry of motion,"—the sign language,—said it was the first reunion he had ever attended in the west, and he never had such a good time before,—found everybody friendly, sociable, and wished the happy gathering might last a week longer. He remarked that he found the Indiana reunion "so different from those he had attended in the east," and averred that he found more real comradeship than at any other reunion.

Many were the words of praise, and thanks for the happy time enjoyed, which departing guests paused to express to Supt. Johnson, and these are specimens.

Mrs. Alice Hanson—"A real good, happy time."

Mr. and Mrs. Lang—"A most pleasurable event in every detail."

Miss Coe—"I never enjoyed any gathering of the deaf so much in my life. I've had a lovely, lovely time. Am sorry it is over."

Mrs. Jennie Patten Kingon—"Had a most enjoyable time and highly pleased in every way. Noted many pleasing changes in the old Institution."

Mr. and Mrs. Blount—"Most enjoyable affair we ever attended, and were loth to leave."

Mr. Mann—"A fine gathering,—a most enjoyable reunion."

Daisy Hostetler—"A magnificent time, everything just right. Sorry to leave. See so many improvements in my *Alma Mater*."

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lower—"Highly entertained, will remember this gathering for years."

J. C. Loving—"Was ill on arrival, but had such a good time, I quickly recovered."

Mr. and Mrs. Bixler, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. French, Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore, and many others stopped to say what a splendid time they had. All bubbled over with good humor, as Mr. Johnson expressed it, and all praised the fine appearance and prosperous air of their *Alma Mater*. The older graduates were rejoiced to find the old library restored to much the same arrangement which they remembered.

For some years the room was used as a sitting-room, while the library was removed to the new school building.

The ladies bewailed the removal of two ancient landmarks—a dear old crooked tree that made a delightful, but forbidden seat, in the extreme northeast corner of the grounds, from where many of them had started up in guilty haste, in long-past days, at sight of the matron, Miss Taylor, headed toward them with a rod in pickle; and the old, old sun-dial that all had perched upon and wondered about, and regarded as indispensable to the lawn.

Mrs. Long and Miss Coe hunted pretty much all over the great building for the holder of the keys to their dormitory on the fifth floor, and only the stubborn resistance of that "same old barred door," as they exclaimed on seeing it, prevented their proceeding on up into the cupola.

"There's my old bunk!" proclaimed Mrs. Long. "And there's mine, where I slept three years, there is the same old register where I warmed my feet on cold nights after standing out in the hall, talking, until I was half-frozen!" chinned in her companion, and down they sat for a little confab, which stretched and stretched until Mr. Long and Mr. —(?) had hunted high and low for them in vain, and had about given them up for lost.

The stories of bygone days that were raked up, the ancient secrets revealed amid much laughter, the good-humored roasts, the meeting of old-time sweethearts, the reminiscences told, the jokes, the witty retorts,—these would fill a volume, could all be gathered together and printed.

One patriarchal beech tree was eagerly scanned for initials that had been cut into it by youthful hands a score or more of years ago, but, alas! all were now mere abrasions in the ancient bark, far up the trunk and indecipherable.

A merry party invaded the

bakery and gave little shouts of delight when the identical old baker, John Boehme, came forward in cap and apron to meet the intruders. "Oh, Mr. Boehm, don't you remember me? I used to come to the door and beg rolls and cookies when a girl in short dresses!" "Don't you know me? I used to come and beg a lump of sugar—is there any around, I wonder? Oh! there's the barrel now!" and into it they all pitched, and soon these young old school-children were munching lumps of sugar and peering around for more spoils—exactly as grown-up children on a visit to the home from which they have been long absent, proceed straightway to make havoc in mother's pantry because "everything tastes so good here."

The party unearthed Mr. Boehm's fresh cookies and confiscated samples, then moved on to see all there was to be seen. We hope that Baker Boehm will come across the JOURNAL and read here how much good the sight of his honest face did those intruders and marauders who had "worked" him for tid-bits when they were children in the days of MacIntire and Glenn.

Down in the sewing-room, the same merry invaders played "tag" among the iron pillars, as they had done when school children. And by the way, the genius of the sewing room is to this day Mrs. Kate Gorman, apparently unchanged since her advent there in the seventies.

On the mantel in the sewing-room was a handsome calendar with a fine large picture of an old water-mill on it. "Say! that's a pretty picture, I like it. Where are the shears? Oh yes! here they are." Snip, snip, snip went the shears, the calendar was set back on the mantel, minus the picture, and with a merry "Just tell her that I stole it," the forger tucked it under her arm and departed.

At the picnic at Broad Ripple Park, the merry-makers were like children again.

Down the switch-back they madly sped, holding to the seats "for dear life," and laughing gayly at the pranks the wind played with hair and hats.

On the galloping little ponies of the "merry-go-around" they perched and clung while the wooden steeds bobbed up-and-down in faster and faster circuits. Up and down the river they rode on roomy boats, they danced in the pavilion, bowled in the bowling-alley, in fact, chased pleasure wherever pleasure was to be found, and captured it for their own.

We do not believe there was half the usual amount of love-making at this re-union, for the simple reason that every one was too busy meeting every one else, and having a good time.

Never mind, boys, postage stamps cost but two cents apiece, and from the air of prosperity which enveloped all there, we argue that you can afford a stamp or two per week. Tra la! And the girls like to get letters. Oh, yes! and so it is not absolutely necessary to wait until the next reunion to learn your fate. Brush up your rhetoric and sail in.

We've not mentioned half the names, nor written half the praise, nor related half the incidents that we should like to, but there is a limit to space in the JOURNAL columns, as well as to our readers' powers of endurance, and we must desist.

There is no mistake about the Indiana School being one of the grandest schools of its kind on earth, or about Mr. Johnson being the best superintendent the school has known since the proud days of Dr. MacIntire's reign, when the Indiana School was acknowledged to be at the head of the class—and Mr. Johnson is young yet.

In conclusion, let all who attended the last reunion make it a point to attend the next, and let all who failed to attend the last one be sure to be wiser three years hence, and join in what we hope and believe will be a yet more successful and enjoyable one.

With greetings to all.

SMITH.

New York and Pennsylvania pay members of the Legislature \$1,500 a year. Maine pays them \$150 a year.

A Foreign Appeal.

Sept. 18, 1901.

EDITOR:—Please allow me a little space to spare in behalf of the Viennese Deaf and Dumb Club at the request of Mr. M. Schoenfeld. A few months ago this society solicited him as their agent, to collect articles to be forwarded to their World Museum, to represent American deaf-mutes. Their aim is to be posted about the general characteristics of an American mute on this side. Books and pamphlets will be highly appreciated—as will anything whatsoever may be of interest in the way of Art do either. It is quite likely that other nations are well represented at the Club. Let America, the great Republic of the World, the stern defender of the oppressed, the proud abode of Genius and the triumphant ruler of commerce all over the World, roar on its dazzling pinnacle of glory at the Museum of the Viennese Deaf and Dumb Club.

Prompt responses will be greatly appreciated. Mr. Schoenfeld is a well known Viennese deaf-mute and respectable. Being a naturalized American, he is very desirous to show the deaf-mutes of his Fatherland (Austria) what benefit an American Institution has done to deaf-mutes, being maintained by the system of Public Instruction (and not supported by charity). It is hoped that writings of all sorts will be at once despatched.

Direct all gifts to Mr. M. Schoenfeld, 515 E. 11th St., New York.

Yours truly,
ALBERT A. BARNES,
Money Order Dep't Gen'l P. O.

They Laughed Best.

During the Paris Exposition of 1887, a Japanese embassy went to treat for three free ports in France, in return for which France was to have three in Japan. The negotiations proved short and amiable. "Make your choice," said Japan, "we will choose afterward." The minister of foreign affairs selected Yokohama, Yeddo, and Hang-Yang. The embassy made no objection; they simply smiled and went on their way. Some time afterward Japan sent word that the three ports mentioned were agreed to, and in return Japan desired Havre, Marseilles, and Southampton. This last named gave the French officials fits. They never laughed so much before, and certainly never since. Southampton a French port! No, it was too good. Gently, but unmistakably, they explained the situation. "Why, Southampton is in England," they replied. "We know that," came the cool response, "but then Hang-Yang is Corea." Whereupon the French officials collapsed.—*Argonaut*.

INCONVENIENTLY LONG.

Rev. T. F. Parker, of the Genesee Conference, relates this: "An old clerical friend called on me recently and related the following: 'When I was pastor at Lockport and you at Pekin, ten miles away, I was riding with an undertaker who said that he recently had charge of a funeral where you preached the sermon. He said you preached a long sermon on the resurrection, and as the afternoon was going he began to grow anxious to be on the way to the grave. He whispered to one of the brethren: 'Does your minister always preach as long as this at a funeral?' 'Well,' said the brother, 'that is a good sermon.' 'Oh,' said the undertaker, 'the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection, but I am afraid that if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time.'"—*Ex.*

Rev. Mr. C. Orris Bantzer's Ap-
pointments.

Hereafter services for the deaf in Buffalo, N. Y., will be held in the Sunday school room of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street, as follows:

SERVICES.

First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Second Sunday of each month, 11:00 A.M., Holy Communion.
Third Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Fourth Sunday of each month, 11:00 A.M., Morning Prayer.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year, \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.
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Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Spectimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man :
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Nenth the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

In Memory of Wm. McKinley

Resolutions by All Souls' Guild of Philadelphia

"In common with all people, we lament the death of President Wm. McKinley and deplore the manner of his taking off.

"Words are inadequate to express fittingly the condemnation of such an act; and we join in the universal demand for stronger repressive measures against those who disregard both Law and Life, with the view of preventing similar atrocious deeds.

"Our sympathy goes out from our sorrowing hearts for those who have been bereaved by the passing away of our beloved ruler, more especially for her to whom he was nearest and dearest and to whom he gave the best devotion of an exalted manhood.

"To the deaf, as a class, McKinley was peculiarly dear. We never had a better friend in high places. We delight to think of him when, as Governor of Ohio, he often visited the Institution at the Capital City, mingling freely with the children, conversing with them in the manual alphabet, and (with the kindly interest that was his wont) endeavoring to imitate and learn the most intricate 'Language of Signs.'

"Nor did his interest lag when, as Congressman, he was able to further the higher education of the deaf as exemplified at the National Gallaudet College in Washington, D. C., of which in later years, his graduates are proud to have his signature on their diplomas as Patron *ex-officio*.

"Therefore, we wish to place upon record our sincere admiration of the man and statesman, thanking God for his upright life, his devotion, his patience, his wisdom and fortitude, praying that the example he set as a man, a citizen, and a publicist, may be adopted by others for the welfare, the honor, and the glory of our beloved nation.

"On behalf of All Souls' Working People's Club, Philadelphia, Pa.

"J. M. KOEHLER,
"THOMAS BREEN,
"J. S. REIDER,
"Committee."

Resolutions by the Brooklyn Guild.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 20, 1901.

WHEREAS, Our Altiwise and Almighty Father hath deemed best to remove from our midst our worthy and esteemed President Wm. McKinley. And while we humbly submit to His will, we yet deplore the great loss which in his death the Nation has sustained.

Resolved, That the above Guild, At a special meeting held on the evening of September 19th, 1901, have recorded on its minutes its profound sorrow at the country's loss of a great statesman and a wise and safe leader, as well as a friend of the deaf.

Resolved, That we extend to Mrs. McKinley our heartfelt sympathy in her great bereavement, assuring her of our appreciation of her late husband's devotion to her, and his great service to his country.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased and published in the local papers.

JOHN WILKINSON,
JOSEPH S. SCHLOSS,
FRANK ECKA,
JAMES DARNEY,
WM. G. GILBERT,
Committee.

LEO GREIS, Cor. Sec'y.
John Scannell, a deaf-mute, died at St. Luke's Hospital on Sunday and was buried to-day. He was forty years of age, and had been an inmate of the hospital only three days. The cause of his death was meningitis.—*Newburgh Daily News*, Sept. 17.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Register of This Year's Students.

OLD FRIENDS CLAIMED BY DEATH.

Athletics—Literature—News Items.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The present term began Wednesday, September 18th. In the morning an opportunity was given conditioned students to remove their conditions. This year's Introductory Class numbers twenty-three. Four new members have swelled the Freshman Class to twenty-six. Following is the register of students:

SENIOR CLASS.
George G. W. Andree.....Michigan
John H. Clark.....Utah
Wilhelm F. Schneider.....Ohio
Arthur O. Steideman.....Missouri
Roy C. Carpenter.....Michigan
Murray Campbell.....New York
Cyril A. Painter.....Pennsylvania
Lester G. Rosson.....Tennessee
Horace B. Waters.....Missouri
Thomas G. Northern.....Kentucky
George Schaefer.....Maryland
Ezra E. Wyand.....Maryland
William M. Strong.....Iowa
William M. Lawrence.....Iowa
Milton T. Haines.....Pennsylvania

MISSISS
Frieda W. Bauman.....Illinois
Elizabeth DeLong.....Utah
Sarah Goldstein.....Pennsylvania
Bessie B. McGregor.....Ohio
Slava A. Snyder.....Ohio
Mary E. Zell.....Ohio

JUNIOR CLASS.
George F. Flick.....Ohio
Ernest Cowley.....Pennsylvania
Guy P. Allen.....Pennsylvania
Gilbert O. Erickson.....Minnesota
Victor Spence.....Minnesota
Ben. S. Foreman.....New Jersey
Adam Hewitson.....California
Frank A. Johnson.....Illinois
Robert C. Miller.....North Carolina
Peter Hughes.....Missouri

MISSISS
Ida P. Brooks.....Massachusetts
Edith M. Fitzgerald.....Illinois
Margaret Hamburg.....Minnesota
Anna L. McPhail.....New York
Margaret Hutchinson.....Canada
Iva J. Myers.....Missouri
Marion E. Ritchie.....Colorado
Lettitia R. Webster.....Texas

SOPHOMORE CLASS.
Arthur L. Roberts.....Kansas
Fred J. Neesam.....Wisconsin
Duncan A. Cameron.....Wisconsin
Ernest J. Hendricks.....Arkansas
Winfield S. Marshall.....New York
Ernest S. Math.....Indiana
Louis P. Schulte.....Pennsylvania
Paul R. Wysz.....Minnesota
Andrew Leitch.....Ireland
Harley D. Drake.....Ohio
John C. Winemiller.....Ohio
David Friedman.....Ohio

MISSISS
Effie J. Goslin.....Nebraska
Blanch Hansen.....Minnesota
Eula E. Morris.....Arkansas
Ida Wiedenmeier.....Ohio

FRESHMAN CLASS.
Emil Mayer.....New York
Paul Erd.....Illinois
Otto Meunier.....Kentucky
George Brown.....Maryland
William Pfunder.....Connecticut
Edward Garrett.....Illinois
Percy B. Jones.....Mississippi
William G. Wheeler.....Kentucky
Hunter Cooley.....Texas
John C. Friend.....Pennsylvania
Howe Phelps.....Missouri
Clyde Stevens.....Michigan
Robert Kleberg.....Texas
John H. Keiser.....New York
William C. Fugate.....Kentucky
Harvey Long.....Iowa
Earl J. Appleby.....Iowa
Ernest Craig.....Ohio

MISSISS
Lillian Swift.....Utah
Annie Allen.....Georgia
Emma Morse.....Missouri
Maude Hazler.....Missouri
Charlotte Hall.....Illinois
Helen E. Fish.....Connecticut
Ernestine Fisch.....Ohio
Katharine Schwartz.....Nebraska

INTRODUCTORY CLASS.

Douglas M. Bradham.....South Carolina
Claude Addison Miller.....Virginia
Daniel M. Reichard.....Pennsylvania
John H. Burgherr.....Missouri
Arthur Hoffmaster.....Maryland
Perrin W. Lee.....Maryland
J. Reese Applegate.....Missouri
Frank E. Mikesell.....Kansas
Thurk A. W. Lindstrom.....Washington
John P. Lovelace.....Arkansas
Bert L. Forse.....Colorado
J. W. Allen.....Virginia
Charles L. Clark.....Pennsylvania
B. S. Winston, Jr.....Virginia
W. W. Worley.....Tennessee
Cline Nisbet.....Kentucky

MISSISS
Edna L. Marshall.....Washington
Mattie Henderson.....Arkansas
Eugie C. Anderson.....Wisconsin
Helen M. Garrity.....Minnesota
Annette M. Collins.....Texas
Edith Brummitt.....Kansas
Mabel Fritz.....Iowa

NORMAL CLASS.

C. R. McIver, A.B., University of North Carolina.
F. O. Huffman, A.B., Wole Forest College.

Harry F. Best, A.B., Centre College, Kentucky.

Misses Bertha Patterson and Gussie Greener, of the Columbus, O., High School.

Thursday morning, in Chapel Hall Dr. Gallaudet touched upon the death of President McKinley. He spoke of him as a man whose example it would be well to follow. As a husband whose loyal affection for an invalid wife won the admiration and sympathy of the world. As a politician who worked not for the benefit of a class, but who had the welfare of the whole nation at heart and strove to do his duty at all times. He was Patron of the College, and in his death we have sustained a loss, for he recognized the value of education as carried on here.

The marble bas-relief of our late President Wm. McKinley surrounded by a wreath hangs on the reading desk in Chapel Hall. It was the work of Roy C. Carpenter, '02, and is his first attempt at sculpture.

Dr. Gallaudet also spoke of the death of Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland, which occurred June 30th. Dr. Sunderland was interested in the college, and was a member of the Board of Directors since the college was founded. He was present at the conferring of degrees on June 19th. A short time after he was seized with an illness which resulted in his death.

The Gallaudet College Athletic Association held a meeting Friday afternoon. Andree, '02, was elected president *pro tem*. All the officers except that of Yell Leader went by acclamation. Roy C. Carpenter, '02, president; Gilbert O. Erickson, '03, vice-president; Arthur L. Roberts, '04, secretary; John H. Keiser, '05, treasurer; Frank A. Johnson, '03, scorer; Peter Hughes, '03, yell leader. For the season, Cyril A. Painter, '02, was elected Baseball Manager and Victor Spence, '03, Football Manager.

A large number of men were slated as candidates for the football team. The make-up of the Varsity eleven will probably be the same as last year. Nichols, '01, who played end, has left a vacancy and the rivalry for the position is keen. There is plenty of good material. Captain Waters is fast getting the men in shape. For the past week only light practice has been indulged in. Next week the real work will begin. The schedule is not ready yet, but next week we hope to give it, together with the names of the players and their positions.

The Reading Room Society met Thursday and elected the following officers for the ensuing term. William Strong, '02, chairman; Murray Campbell, '02, Peter Hughes, '03, secretary; Frank A. Johnson, '03, Arthur L. Roberts, '04, treasurer; Duncan A. Cameron, '04, librarian.

Mr. Gaw, formerly of the Minnesota Institution for the Deaf, has been appointed private secretary to Dr. Gallaudet. With his wife, he is domiciled in Room 10, formerly occupied by the Sisters.

Messrs. Andree and Clark, '02, are occupying the late Prof. Porter's room, on the third floor, and although they took possession Saturday they have already fitted them up in a way that gives promise of Oriental splendor before another month is past.

Mr. Schneider, '02, is usher at the Kendall School for the present term.

A memorial service of the late Prof. Samuel Porter was held in the chapel Sunday afternoon.

Prof. Ballard who had been under Prof. Porter's instruction while he was a teacher in the Hartford School for the Deaf, gave some interesting reminiscences of him as a teacher. He was followed by Prof. Hotchkiss and Prof. Draper, who knew him both as a teacher and afterwards as a member of the Faculty of the College, and Miss DeLong, '03, representing the young ladies of the College and Mr. Schneider, '02, the young men, each spoke of Prof. Porter as one who was always regarded with love and esteem.

President Gallaudet, who had known Prof. Porter perhaps longer than any one else in the College, paid an eloquent tribute to our departed friend.

Prof. Porter went to Hartford in 1832 as a teacher, remaining there five years, when he resigned and became a teacher in the New York Institution, where he remained for ten years. He then returned to Hartford and remained there thirteen years. In 1860 he gave up the work of educating the deaf and for five or six years devoted himself to literary work. He was one of the compilers of Webster's Dictionary.

In 1864 the College was founded, and in 1866, Prof. Porter became a member of the Faculty, he was actively engaged till 1884, when he was made Professor Emeritus, being then 75 years old. For seventeen years he made his home at Kendall Green, being always anxious to do something, and often taking the

classes of members of the Faculty when they were ill or absent. He was a "Walking Encyclopedia," for there was hardly a subject he was not acquainted with.

Reaching his home in Farmington, Conn., he seemed to his sister to be very feeble. The heat appeared to affect him. For days he would speak very little, spending most of his time seated in a chair, silent, with a far-away look in his eyes. Then one day all his vigor seemed to return, and he went to the house of his minister, and chatted about men and events of the world. But that was like the flicker of a candle, which had almost reached its end. It flames up brightly for a moment, then sinks down, sputters, glows, and then it is dark.

He grew feeble, and finally took to his bed, and one day sank into a peaceful sleep to waken in the land of eternal youth. Nestor of the Faculty, he is one who deserves to be remembered and honored in all our hearts forever.

Hewetson, '03, spent the summer in Murray Bay, Canada, where he played golf to his heart's content. The array of golf clubs in his room, and his loud plaid cap are all right. He is fast mastering the Scotch dialect.

Strong, '02, as an auctioneer is very eloquent. The effects of some of the members of the class of '01, were disposed of at a sale conducted by him Saturday night, and brought good prices.

Messrs. Andree and Clark, '02, were in this city part of the summer. Andree left for his home in Michigan about the middle of August, and Clark went off on a hunting trip in Virginia.

Paul Erd, '05, enjoyed a week with his classmate, Howe Phelps, '05, in Carthage, Mo., during July, and says he had a jolly good time. Lawrence, '02, remained most of the summer in Hot Springs, S. D. His father is interested in the Hidden Fortune Mining Company. Lawrence had for company a crowd of "heavy swells," and knows more about gold-mining now than he ever did before.

DOWN FROM OUR DUCKINGS.

Here's a tip for the Secret Service Bureau. One of the waddlers has confessed that among the sixteen ducks, eighteen are anarchists. Whew!

Duck Nisbet found that the climate of Washington, D. C., did not agree with him. Friday evening he wanted to go to the drug store, and fill out the following prescription: a freshman M. D., handed him, 18 gallons sulphuric acid in 1/2 gill of sperm oil. To be taken all at one swallow.

Duck Forse thought it was the proper caper to treat the upper classmen to something. So when Count Spaghetti, who is a regular visitor with his cart, came around with a load of bananas, Forse bought the whole stock. Afterwards he had the pleasure of doing the balancing act on a flight of steps thickly carpeted with banana skins.

Duck Lindstrom went shopping Sunday morning and on his return to the college an upper classman delivered a half hour lecture to him on the "Penalties Inflicted in the Hereafter on Breakers of the Fourth Commandment."

DANVILLE, PA.

Messrs. Mitchell O. Discoll, John P. Detweiler, of this city, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clark and daughter, of Northumberland, Pa., were in Sunbury, to see the train pass bearing the remains of the late William McKinley.

Sunbury was packed with people, some two hundred being present from this city. The funeral train arrived at 3:32 P.M. The funeral drawn by engine No. 134, heavily draped in black, was composed of six cars, one private car for Mrs. McKinley, one combination car, one dining car, one double drawing, one compartment car, and the observation car, bringing up the rear of the train in which the remains of the dead President lay on a raised dais.

The funeral party included President Roosevelt, several members of the Cabinet and Gen. Brook, who has charge of the military escort. The train made a stop of six minutes, taking water and inspecting the cars.

The schools and business places of Sunbury were closed. The National Guard lined the railroad along with several thousand school children, who strewed flowers upon the track. The train rolled slowly through town, the bells tolling as it passed, last Monday.

Phillip Kishpaw, of Beach Haven, Pa., was in town some time ago. He is a farmer, but has no education. He is about seventy-six years old, and has a speaking wife and one daughter.

Mr. Frank Houck, of New York, has been working at the Danville Morning News office, but left for Chicago, last June.

Miss Roy Harris, of Plymouth, Pa., the cousin of John P. Detweiler, was visiting her relatives here. She returned home last Friday.

Mr. William King, of Iowa, was in this city looking for work, but failed. He is a printer by trade.

NEW YORK.

A Surprise Party in Brooklyn.

MATTHEW CANT IS DEAD.

News of the Week Told in Brief.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

A genuine surprise party was palmed off Saturday evening, September 21st, on Mr. and Mrs. George Kinsey, of Bushwick Avenue. It was the first of the season, and was gotten up by Mrs. Ella Turner, Mrs. George Donovan and Miss Jaycox. Mrs. Kinsey had been sent out by her husband on a little shopping expedition, and was taken by surprise on reaching home to find assembled about two-score friends in the parlor. Many presents from admiring friends greeted her.

The evening was spent in various games presided over by our young friend, Herman Beck, assisted by Misses Jaycox and Anderson. At request of guests, Miss Stein, of Manhattan Borough, was compelled to give an hour's discourse on the art of swimming, and also the best way to rescue drowning persons. She showed a masterly knowledge of both subjects, and kept her hearers in close attention.

Mr. Max Miller won the prize at euchre.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey were not to be outdone by their friends, and had a table spread, which presided over by the three charming young ladies, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Donovan and Miss Jaycox, was greatly appreciated and enjoyed by the guests.

Master Freddie Kinsey gave an exhibition of his skill as a musician. He had for his guests Master Elwood Stevenson and little Miss Miller.

A very enjoyable time was passed, and it was in the wee sma' hours of morning when the guests took leave, being more than repaid for their surprise on Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey.

Those present were: Misses Jaycox, Anderson, Stein, Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller, Mr. and Mrs. George Donovan, Mrs. Ella Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stevenson, Messrs. Beck, Redington, Reiff, and a score of others whose names escaped the writer's recollection.

It is said there will be several like affairs to take place in the Borough of Brooklyn in the near future.

Saturday last the Hollywoods defeated the Tarrytown Club in a game of ball, the first of the series of three to decide the championship of the County. Deegan pitched for Tarrytown. The score was 9 to 1 in favor of Hollywood. Evans pitched for Hollywood and struck out ten men, while Deegan struck out five and was very erratic. While he was handling the ball previous to delivery to the batter, and making a grand-stand play, a runner stole from third base to the home plate. Next Saturday the same teams play in Tarrytown.

John W. Redmond met with a mishap recently. While stepping from an Eighth Avenue trolley car, which was still in motion, he was thrown to the pavement and struck on his left side. This incident kept him at home and away from work for two weeks with a lame arm and side. He returned to work last Monday.

The forty-ninth anniversary of the founding of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes will be celebrated on October 6th, at 3 P.M., and on the following Tuesday evening, October 8th, there will be a meeting of the parishioners in the Guild rooms at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Alex. Dezendorf, of East New York has been sick for a few days, and had to remain indoors. He is now on the mend, and will soon be able to resume work in Fulton Market, where he has held a position for the same firm for over twenty years.

Mrs. Boswell arrived home from Troy, N. Y., a few days ago, after a very enjoyable time spent with Miss McGee. By the way, she visited the spot where Mamie-Killion was murdered. The murdered girl worked in the same laundry as Miss McGee.

Messrs. Harry Kane, George Donovan and Robert Stevenson, were at Coney Island Thursday, and took a sea bath. They are wondering whether pneumonia will attack them or not, as Thursday was a pretty chilly day for bathing.

Negotiations have been made to Dr. Gallaudet for renting the Guild rooms of St. Ann's, to be used as a Kindergarten school. The matter will probably come up before the Board at its next meeting.

Special memorial services were held in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes on Thursday, September 19th, at 8 o'clock in the evening. Rev. Drs. Gallaudet and Chamberlain officiated to a congregation that filled the little edifice. The order of the evening was that recommended by Bishop Potter to all Episcopal Churches in the Diocese over which he presides. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, and was most eloquent and affecting.

Matthew Cant, who came to this country from England eighteen or twenty years ago, died last week. He brought some capital with him to the United States, and invested it in a Florida orange grove, with the result of losing it all in a few years. He returned to New York, and for the past ten years has been employed with a downtown insurance company. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain officiated at his funeral.

While enjoying a spin to Morris Heights, Messrs. Soper, Lounsbury and Hodgson, were overtaken by Dr. Chamberlain in his automobile, with Mr. A. L. Pach at his side. The general physician stopped his machine and gave the trio by turns a rapid run of a couple of miles. For a novice, it is a hair-raising experience.

In response to the proclamation of the Mayor of New York, the Deaf Mutes' Union League draped its windows and had black festoons hung from the roof for our late and lamented President. It was the work of Theodore S. Rose, who was complimented for the excellent way the draping was arranged.

William Hutton has been working in this city for several months at his trade of stone-carving. He thinks of renting his house in Arlington, N. J., and taking a flat in Harlem. He has sent word to Thomas Tighe, now in Vermont, that he can get work here.

All of the deaf are cordially invited to the free lecture which Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will give in the Guild room of St. Ann's, on Tuesday evening, October 8th. The subject will be his recent visit to England and Scotland.

Isaac Newton Soper went awheel to Woodlawn last Saturday, but was halted at the gate, and had to obtain a special pass to enter with bicycle. He now carries the necessary permission in the coat of his wheeling suit.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League has received five applications for membership in one week, and only one resignation has been handed in since President Souweine's inauguration last January.

A brother of Miss Josephine Sullivan, who is a petty officer on the U. S. S. Oregon, reached this city from San Francisco, last Friday. He brought a lot of curios from different parts of the world.

Henry Beuermann was one of the hundreds who participated in the clam bake and outing of "Big 6," Typographical Union, on Sunday last, at New Drop, S. I., and reports a splendid time.

The Freyberg family, of Poughkeepsie, had a pleasant, but unexpected visit from a brother-in-law, of Chicago. He is now visiting Mrs. A. Koffman in this city.

Exit the baseball season, and the football season is now on, and the Athletic Committee of the Union League has purchased a brand new football outfit for the longhaired youngsters.

Timothy P. Connell last Sunday saved a friend from drowning, but declined to tell his name to the on-lookers. Mr. Connell expects to go to Boston before Thanksgiving.

Luther H. Taylor and William Scott Abrams have been regular patrons of the Saturday evening bicycle races at Madison Square Garden.

C. J. Le Clercq has been having fair luck at fishing in the Hudson River during his spare moments. Lafayette predominates in his string.

Miss Margaret Talley is now working in one of the large dry goods stores, as a dressmaker. She is thoroughly a first class dress-maker.

The parents of the Misses Pearce will shortly leave this city for Jamaica, W. I., leaving their daughters in care of their aunt.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain has gone to California for his vacation. He will visit a brother there whom he has not seen for several years.

Harry C. Dickerson is in Boston, having given up his position at the Gorham Manufacturing Co., and will reside there permanently.

Mrs. Rascol and Mr. Neiser mourn the loss of their mother, who died two weeks ago, at an advanced age.

Miss Bertha Block and Mr. R. E. Maynard were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman Sunday last.

A hearing friend of Mr. Boswell would be glad to get his Brooklyn address. Send it to the JOURNAL.

Miss Mabel Campbell is spending several weeks in the New England States.

CHICAGO.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

At the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the corner of Clark and Washington Streets, before opening his sermon, Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab recited in signs the martyred President's favorite hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee." His text was: "He that is not with me is against me," etc.—St. Matthew 2:30. Then Rev. Mr. Hasenstab spoke of anarchy. He said in part: Those who are desirous to destroy the laws of the Government are anarchists; and the people who are against God's rules are anarchists. The sermon was quite eloquent. "Lead Kindly Light," was gracefully signed by the pastor after his sermon.

Our dear Albert Berg, yes, you are right, the only remedy lies with the subscribers themselves. You could, for you are adored with a title of bergmaster, knock out any one subscriber, who is willing to lend the *World*.

From the editorial column of the JOURNAL of the 12th inst., the deaf people of this windy city were delighted to note that our dear late chief executive could talk on his fingers with the single-hand alphabet. Well, will the Ohio correspondent of the JOURNAL please enlighten the deaf people in the West, through this paper, how our beloved chief executive learned the "silent" language of the hand? From whom?

Moses Smith's eulogy on the character of our martyred President was a touching one.

Beloved Brother St. Louis—Good wishes and success for the Public Opinion meeting. Rev. Mr. Cloud is to be congratulated for organizing such a meeting for the literary culture of the deaf.

In 1903, in St. Louis, the Pas-a-Pas Club will have a parade from the Court House to the other side of the river to see—what? The much-talked-of Dougherty flats. Rev. Mr. Cloud is cordially asked to be the chief marshal.

Congratulations sent to Miss Mabel Conner on her approaching marriage to Frank B. Cope, of South Bend.

The housewives here would like to see the latest patent washboard, invented by a deaf-mute in St. Louis.

A wee baby girl came to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pekin, of Evanston, some time ago. Congratulations.

Mrs. John Gottschalg and children, of Joliet, spent a day with the family of Mr. Milton E. Stout, in Jacksonville, recently.

Mrs. Ira Keller, who was absent in Ingalls, Ind., since May, for her health, returned home recently.

Mr. Louis Stienmeyer, a former pupil at the Jacksonville School, is in a happy mood, because he has a good position in the big printing house of J. M. W. Jones.

John Polk, formerly of Detroit, Mich., who has been working in ship yards in Waukegan for some time, is preparing to go to Washington State with his father to buy a farm.

A twelfth department for instruction of deaf pupils is to be established at the Talcott School, Lincoln and Ohio Streets. Superintendent Cooley will make the recommendation at the next meeting of the school trustees.

Mr. Arthur Norris, of Indiana, is visiting the Windy City this week. He is an alumnus of Gallaudet College.

Mrs. Hoy will talk before the literary club at the Pas-a-Pas Club rooms on "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill, on Saturday evening of this week.

Miss Hypatia Boyd returned to Milwaukee Sunday evening, after a two weeks' enjoyable visit in Chicago.

It was said that a new deaf-mute club was organized in the city last Sunday. Its objects are to promote the welfare of the deaf in Cook County. These officers were elected: President, A. Diamond; Vice-President, M. Fittkau; Secretary, J. B. Insein; Treasurer, H. Frankel; Sergeant-at-Arms, Geo. Dunn. Upon investigation, I found was issued upon paper only. The president is out of Chicago after glittering stones; the vice-president is now attending Jacksonville School; the secretary has not received the stationery yet; the treasurer is very busy attending to his own account; the sergeant-at-arms is looking for a door.

Mrs. E. N. Bowes entertained at a luncheon at her home recently, a few of her friends. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bierlein, Mr. and Mrs. Kingon, Mrs. Hoy, Miss Young and Miss Acheson.

Mr. Oscar H. Regensburg's name can be found now on the membership list of the noted Jewish Charity Club. Oh, his heart is sweet.

The biggest personal assessment tax in Chicago is levied upon Mr. Regensburg's father, the tax being \$250,000.

William Boyd, of St. Louis, was in Chicago last week, on his way to Milwaukee to look for a new pasture.

Messrs. Shotwell and Wilcox, of Belvidere, Ill., were here on a visit last week.

CHICAGO.

Holland has 10,100 windmills, each of which drains 310 acres of land, at an average cost of 25 cents an acre a year.

OHIO.

Supt. Jones' Words of Wisdom.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Struck by a Train.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

With one exception, all the teachers reported at the teachers meeting Tuesday evening. The absent one, Miss Kinsell, it is reported will soon enter the matrimonial school.

After delivering some minor suggestions to the teachers, Superintendent Jones made an address to the teachers, a part of which is here given. It is full of meat for those engaged in teaching in any school, and those who follow its outlines cannot fail but make their work a success.

FELLOW TEACHERS:—We are at the threshold of another school year. Let us pause to contemplate its responsibilities. Who should teach school?

Those with "clean hands and clean hearts."

Those who can understand the minds of children and sympathize with them.

Those who love the work, and will give the best of body and mind to it.

Those who will work and study and learn.

I believe it is impossible for the lazy to teach others to be industrious, for the false to teach others to be true, for the cruel to teach others to be kind, for the hateful to teach others to be lovable, for the dishonest to teach others to be honest, for the impatient and uncharitable to teach others to be patient and charitable, for the selfish to teach others to be unselfish, in a word for a teacher to be one thing at heart, whether the world knows it or not, and at the same time teach another. What we expect our children, we should ourselves be. In a school and home like this, so much depends on the work of the teachers, and the result of the work of the teachers depends so much on their personality. When we are called upon to punish, we should ask if we have ourselves given offense to our pupils. If we feel our school ill at ease and troublesome, we should first examine our own self, mentally and physically, and see if a return to our own normal state would not put things in a more wholesome condition.

The continual loss of sleep has caused more despondency and nervousness, and a loss of interest in anything but sleep. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights should each furnish the teacher not only a good night's sleep, but a good night's rest.

Friday and Saturday nights should belong to the teacher, and the other five to the school. This division of time will make the teacher more efficient and the school more successful.

They will have no unemployed pupils. The work will not be a drag. Originality will manifest itself and progress will be so evident as to attract the attention of all. Dullards and laggards will pick up their ears and join in the general march of improvement.

The teachers will be happy, and their pupils will carry sunshine into the departments and dining-room. A busy teacher in the evening makes a busy school next day. In a busy school peace and tranquility reign, and the teacher and the pupils' friendships grow deep and lasting between teacher and pupils.

Then there is a personal value in such conduct to the teacher. Habit of self-improvement are formed. Six hours for school, eight hours for sleep, two hours for meals, two hours for recreation, and six hours for reading, thinking and self-culture. Possibly half of that time may be spent in sewing or other handwork. Even the three hours are left to books, music, and their pupils will carry sunshine into the departments and dining-room. A busy teacher in the evening makes a busy school next day. In a busy school peace and tranquility reign, and the teacher and the pupils' friendships grow deep and lasting between teacher and pupils.

Another thing I wish to urge upon you and also upon myself. Let us be patient with one another. Frowning faces, sharp words and angry moods, which often wound us, are not for us. They have their origin somewhere, and while they last better be left where they started, yet if they pursue us, it is to be hoped that the cheerfulness we meet in each other will serve to dispel any cloud which may find its way into our associations.

Should offense come, let us think it over until next day, and then be in a mood to forgive and forget. Speak kindly of each other and of each other's work, if we speak at all, for it is this that we may dwell together in peace and harmony. If we differ in opinion, let us respect each other's opinions and yield gracefully to authority, knowing that the best has been done that can be under the circumstances.

For whatever favorable reputation the Ohio Institution is gaining, both at home and among other schools, much of the credit belongs to the teachers. It is, therefore, not to improve that I have urged high aims and closer application, but only because further advancement of the school, demands it. There is no standstill; no to advance to retrograde. If we seek only to hold what we have gained, we will find our school losing in character and worth. Whether you teach by speech or manually, teach it to the best purpose possible, and push your school with as much vigor as lies within your power.

The usual assignments to the teachers and officers for opening day duties were made. The day proved rather cool, though there were now and then sunny rifts. Pupils on arriving at the Institution found the front portico decked in the sombre garb of mourning, out of respect to the memory of McKinley, and there was an inclination among the older ones to pay due respect to the martyred President by refraining from the usual hilarity about the grounds.

When the lights were put out in the office at 10 o'clock in the evening, three hundred and sixty-two names had been registered. Every thing had gone on smoothly.

On Thursday morning, at 9:30 o'clock, the first chapel service of the term was held. A portrait in mourning and trimmed with the national flag, stood upon the stage. Principal Patterson referred to the death of President McKinley, and announced that a memorial service would be held, after which the classes would be culled out and school be dismissed for the day at 11 o'clock. He then called Misses McFadden, Jones and Hannaford upon the stage, who, in concert, recited, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

After reading the 90th Psalm, Mr.

Patterson introduced Mr. McGreggor, who gave a sketch and eulogized the deeds of the man from his birth to the time of his visit to the Buffalo Exposition, and Mr. Odebrecht narrated subsequent events in the life of the President, ending with the cruel deed for which the whole world mourns and laments, and whose mortal remains were this day to be consigned to their last resting place, bedewed by the tears of millions of his loving countrymen. A fervent prayer was then offered by the Principal, ending by all repeating the doxology in concert.

Friday morning the unpacking of trunks was resumed until chapel time at 9:30. A school session was held until 11:45, and in the afternoon the work of unpacking was again begun and completed, the teachers assisting in the task. Monday the regular school work will be set in motion.

Mr. Nathan R. McGrew returned to the city the first of the week, and has been calling upon relatives and friends since then. Among the latter was Mr. George W. Ball, who at the time of Mr. McGrew's pupillage, was a little boy. He and Mr. McGrew used to go after paw-paws in the woods then near the institution. That was near fifty years ago, and on meeting Mr. McGrew the other day, Mr. Ball could not recognize him, but recalled distinctly their friendship in time past. By the way, Mr. Ball is a son of one of the earlier teachers of the school, Danford E. Ball. Mr. McGrew left yesterday evening for his western home.

John Broadbent, a pupil of the Institution for several years past, according to the papers of last Friday, was struck by a train at East Liverpool, and received injuries that are thought to be fatal.

Mr. Frank R. Brown, of Grange County, came down Sunday, bringing his two little sons with him, who entered the school as pupils Wednesday. He went up to Delaware Sunday to visit relatives but came back Wednesday, and will return home to-morrow.

Misses Bertha Patterson, Gussie Greener, Bessie McGregor and Ethel Zell left Wednesday evening for Gallaudet College over the Penn. R. R. A large party of their friends were at the train to see them off and wish them a *bon voyage*. A Mr. Mather, also a student of Gallaudet, with one or two friends came in just before the train left, but as they were on a different section of the train they had to forego the pleasure of accompanying the young ladies to Washington.

Messrs. John Winemiller and Harley Drake spent most of Tuesday in town, bidding good-bye to friends. They left in the evening for Washington, D. C., to attend Gallaudet College. Both are in the Sophomore Class.

On Saturday last the pillars of the front portico were draped in mourning, and a picture of President McKinley surrounded by the national flag was hung over the main entrance.

Mr. Ernest Craig and Mr. Ernest Fisch, graduates of last June, entered the Freshman Class of Gallaudet this Fall.

Miss Mabel Martin Park, daughter of Mr. James M. Park, of Santa Barbara, Cal., has been appointed a teacher in the School for the Deaf at Devil's Lake, South Dakota.

The editorial in last week's issue of the JOURNAL on the attempted assassination of President McKinley was correct with one exception, as far as our information goes. In it, it was stated that he could talk to the deaf by the finger alphabet. In all his intercourse here with the deaf he was never known to use this method of speech. He either had an interpreter or carried on communication by writing. That he took great interest in the welfare of the deaf is a fact. To him the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association owes in a great measure the establishment of its Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, for he gave it not only his official and cordial support but also aided it financially.

Sept. 21, '01. A. B. G.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

SEPTEMBER 29TH—SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, AND ALSO ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS' DAY, AT 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh.

Meeting of the Parishioners of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Tuesday, October 1st, at 8 P.M.

Sunday, October 6th, Forty-ninth Anniversary of the founding of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will lecture on his recent visit to England and Scotland, on Tuesday, October 8th, at 8 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church.

The engagement of James S. Orr, known as "Our Jimmy," to Miss Amelia Antusch, is announced.

FANWOOD.

Services in Memory of President McKinley.

SPEECHES, PRAYER AND SONG.

Deaf Boys and Girls Bow their Heads in Silent Prayer.

All the pupils, teachers and tutors assembled in the chapel at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, September 19th, the day set apart by President Roosevelt as a day of national mourning and prayer for the assassinated President, William McKinley.

On the wall at the head of the chapel, just above the platform, was a crepe-framed portrait of William McKinley with the national colors draped and drooping on either side.

The exercises which followed were conducted by Principal Currier, who, in his opening remarks, made feeling reference to the Martyred President. He said that William McKinley was one of the most remarkable men that America had produced. He was a born leader of men. He was always kind and thoughtful of others. He became a great statesman, and as the nation's chief had brought about the greatest era of prosperity the United States had ever known. And all the peoples of all the world, with one accord, to-day do honor to his memory and weep with those who on this day stand beside his grave. Principal Currier asked all to pause a moment and think of the unprecedented mark of respect that would be shown McKinley in the afternoon, at the moment when the last words would be spoken which would precede his consignment to the tomb. The railroad trains would cease moving for ten minutes; for five minutes, in every city and hamlet in the land, the street cars would be halted, men would stand uncovered, bells would toll, and the sweet strains of music would be heard, while thousands of voices would join in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light, Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light, Thee," the two favorite hymns of the dead President. He referred to the assassinations of Lincoln and Garfield, and the causes of those acts, and emphasized the purposeless crime of Czolgosz the murderer of McKinley. He spoke of the lesson taught by the life of McKinley, who though he had reached the highest office in the Republic was the best exponent of obedience. His last words were "Thy will be done." To obey and to be patient constitutes a perfection that is seldom acquired by man. We should all obey the laws of God and work in concord with the laws of human government.

Mr. Jones rendered in signs the Thirty-Ninth Psalm, Principal Currier reading *prima voce*.

A choir of girls, led by Miss Alice E. Judge, composed of Misses Turner, Brewer, Patterson and Hoffman, sang in concerted signs "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

After the Lord's Prayer had been repeated orally by all, each of the teachers, beginning with Prof. Fox, spoke upon the life and death of William McKinley.

By Mr. Fox:—

"From the weakness of our nature we are prone to overlook good qualities in others. We may be acquainted with people for years, and yet never discover the real beauty of their characters. It is only when some calamity happens to them, perhaps the approach of death, that we see them in the light and marvel that we had not before known them better. So to many of us the shock and humiliation of the horrible attack on Mr. McKinley was succeeded by admiration for his fortitude, his unselfishness, his patient resignation under most trying circumstances. We knew he was a good man, a brave and honest one, a wise and conservative statesman and an admirable President, but we did not foresee the high qualities he displayed in the agony of pain and sorrow he must have undergone."

"Whence came this kindly, calm nature, with his love of right and justice? He was not an aristocrat. This representative of the majesty of the law was born in a humble home. He had no great opportunities for schooling. He was a soldier of the Union when still a boy, and did his full duty to the cause. He was a man of personal purity, a product of the common people, a typical American with great faith in his fellow men. He believed in God, in right, in law. And who is the wretch who took upon himself to deprive such a man of the life so dear to the nation? A vain, foolish fellow, with no belief in God or the future, with no respect for law, human or divine,

with self for religion he took that God-given life which it is not for man to destroy.

"If our sorrow and shame are deep, still we have a useful lesson. There is a God, and it is for us to respect His law and the laws which are ordered for our obedience. We cannot ignore law and continue to live peacefully and happily. This is particularly true in a school like this, where we form, as it were, a little world of our own. We have our rules and regulations for the daily routine of life. It is essential that these rules be strictly observed else there can be no regularity, no discipline. What may seem to you, boys and girls, exacting laws are for your own good, your own welfare and happiness. Accept them on the right spirit. Be courteous, genial, obedient at all times, and you will train yourselves fittingly for the greater world which you must some day enter."

By Mr. Burdick:—

"President McKinley attained greatness as a scholar, as a statesman, as President, and as a man. He was great in the love and honor that they bestowed upon him. But in all of his attainments the greatest was that perfection of Christian character that could say when the assassin's bullet had stricken him down, 'Let no one hurt him. May God forgive him.' No greater example than this of the forgiving spirit has ever been shown since the great Master himself said while being nailed to the cross, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

"This example of a perfected character is the great legacy that President McKinley has left to the people that he loved and served so loyally and well. May each of us take it as his legacy to us, and may it ever remain as an inspiration to us in the attainment of that highest good to man in this life and also in that which is to come, a perfected Christian character."

By Mr. Gardner:—

"This is a time of great sorrow and humiliation. We sorrow in the loss of a great President and a good friend. President McKinley represented and upheld the strong arm of the law—therefore he died; this is our humiliation. It is not the shame of guilt that we feel, but the shame of ignorance. The civilized world does not scorn us but feels for us and with us, and all true hearts mourn."

"In the character of our late President, that which appealed to me with greatest force was the thoughtful care and personal interest which he always showed in his fellowmen. He found some good in every human heart and he was great enough to understand and appreciate it. Let us take in to our own hearts all that we can of the many and great lessons which are to be found in Mr. McKinley's life and experience."

acterizes his whole life, he brought up hot coffee to cheer the tired soldiers fighting at Antietam, and this at no little risk.

"What happened at the National Convention held in Chicago in 1888, affords us another example we would do well to hold in mind. Mr. McKinley headed the Ohio delegation pledged to cast their votes for Mr. John Sherman as their choice for President. Early in the session of the Convention it became evident to almost all that there was a poor chance that Mr. Sherman would be the choice of the Republicans, but on the other hand, very many of the delegates favored Mr. McKinley himself, and urged him to permit himself to become a candidate, and several votes were even cast for him. But, far from being pleased at the prospect of honor in store for him, he was angry that anyone thought him capable of betraying his trust. He was a man too honorable to be led from the right even by the bribe of the most glorious office the world can boast.

"But what impresses itself most strongly upon my mind is his beautiful affection and tender care for his mother and wife. We most of us remember, perhaps, how keenly he felt the loss of his mother. And even in the pain afflicted by the assassin's bullet, his thought was not for himself but for his wife. 'Do not exaggerate the news to Mr. McKinley.' These words, uttered under such circumstances, are sublime, and well may rank I think with those other words by which he begged protection for the man who by his act has brought our nation into grief."

By Mr. Hodgson:—

"A whole nation stands aghast at the deed of a vile anarchist, and all the peoples of all the civilized world stand with bowed heads in sympathy with the sorrow of the people of the United States. A few weeks ago, partisan politics ran high, and verbal controversy and pictorial caricature were daily features of opposition newspapers. To-day politics is ignored, and the newspapers of every political complexion vie with each other in paying tribute to the high and noble character of our murdered President. William McKinley in death is honored more than was any dead monarch of the Old World. The homage done his memory springs from the hearts of the people. Among the many lessons to be derived from McKinley's life and his tragic death, two stand out conspicuously. The first is the example of a good and kind and earnest and patriotic manhood. The second is that it is a duty of all to preserve and obey the law. Anarchy knows no law; therefore, anarchists are foes to all that is good. Boys and girls at school, are often led by their inclinations and passions to believe that laws are made to oppress them. They do not see that every law (or rule) is for the common good, that by rules alone are they given equal rights and equal privileges, and guaranteed equal protection. The lesson taught by Czolgosz should make a strong impress on all youth—that the submission to rules is really the source of true happiness and the essential to all real progress. We sorrow for our dead President, and we pray that God will comfort his heart-broken widow, who during his life was the object of his constant and most tender concern."

By Mr. Clarke:—

"The shooting of McKinley by Czolgosz while pretending to greet him, is like the betrayal of Christ by the action of Judas in kissing the cheek of the Lord. McKinley's words when shot, 'See that no harm comes to that man,' were Christlike, and everything he said since the shooting has been Christlike. It is hard for us to understand how he can be taken away from us at this time with God in the Heavens looking over all. But 'God's will be done, not ours.'"

The following hymn was simultaneously signed and sung, by Mr. Clarke.

"Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the better land, We'll read the meaning of our tears And there, sometime we'll understand."

"We'll catch the broken threads again, And finish what we here began; Heaven will the mysteries explain. And then, ah! then, we'll understand."

"We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were over many a cherished plan, Why song has ceased when sorrow begun 'Is there, sometime we'll understand."

"Why what we long for most of all, Eludes so oft our eager hand; Why hopes are crushed and castles fall. Up there, sometime we'll understand."

"God knows the way, he holds the key, He guides us with unerring hand, Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand."

CHORUS.

"Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand. Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise, Sometime, sometime we'll understand."

By Mr. Anderson:—

There are certainly many lessons that we may learn from the life of our late President. In the first place might be mentioned his record as a soldier, and in speaking of this record, I want to say that Mr. McKinley showed more than the quality we most often think of in connection with war, courage under the fire of the enemy. True, that quality he did possess in the highest degree, but also far more than that. His was a mind that could think of the comfort and welfare of his soldiers in the horror and confusion of battle, when most men are intent only on attacking or defending themselves from attack. With the same kind thoughtfulness that char-

acterizes his whole life, he brought up hot coffee to cheer the tired soldiers fighting at Antietam, and this at no little risk.

extended to the Philippine Islands. McKinley is dead, but his plans will most surely be carried out by his successor, in whom we have great hopes.

"Something unusual will happen in connection with McKinley's funeral. The people never experienced this when Lincoln, Garfield, Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington and even Napoleon died. It is that when McKinley's funeral cortege starts this afternoon, the steam cars, the trolley cars, the horse cars and the boats of several lines will stop running for the space of five minutes. All noises will be hushed, so that the tolling of the bells can be better heard."

"In the long line of those who were to shake hands with McKinley there was a man with a bandaged hand. If any one happened to see it, he would look upon such a man with compassion, thinking his hand had been injured. McKinley had the same feeling when he saw it. When he was about to take hold of Czolgosz's left hand, the later proved himself a treacherous man by shooting bullets from the pistol covered with the handkerchief which also covered his hand. Such an infamous act! Feigned friendliness! Never be like Czolgosz. Be true to your friends. Never betray any one under the guise of friendship."

The choir sang "Lead, Kindly Light," after which Principal Currier closed the exercises with prayer.

ST. LOUIS.

The silent community of this city was profoundly moved by the death of the President and the manner of his taking off. Special prayers were offered at St. Thomas' Mission on the Sundays following the shooting. The sermon on the first Sunday was chiefly a comparison of Anarchy, Nihilism, Socialism and Christianity; at the second it referred to the fruits of Christianity exemplified in the life of the late President. There was a special programme rendered at the Day School on the afternoon preceding the funeral, and no school on the day of the funeral. The literary programme of the Gallaudet Union on the day following the funeral was adapted to the times. The President's favorite hymns, "Lead Kindly Light," was rendered by Miss Schurer, and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by Miss Small. Miss Steideman read a paper on Anarchy, and Mr. Stuart closed the program with "America."

The Day School opened with the usual attendance on the 3d inst. The improvements at the Compton building have not yet been completed, and until they are, the school will occupy its old quarters at Ninth and Wash Streets. Miss Sara Francis Small has charge of the special work in speech and lip-reading, for which she was prepared in the Normal department of Gallaudet College. She has had experience as a teacher of hearing children, and being the daughter of deaf-mute parents, is also familiar with manual spelling and signs.

The banquet which was to have been given on the evening of the 14th inst., in honor of the location of the World's fair in 1903 in this city, was postponed till October 5th, on account of the death of President McKinley. The affair will be on an elaborate scale and the indications point to a large attendance. Parties desiring to reserve places may do so by addressing the treasurer, Mr. J. G. Stuart, 4010 West Belle Place.

It is a curious fact that Lincoln who signed the bill providing for the establishment of Gallaudet College, and Garfield and McKinley, the only members of the Board of Directors of Gallaudet, who have reached the Presidency of the United States, were assassinated.

Out of town visitors lately, have come chiefly from Illinois, among whom were the Misses Rice, of Springfield, who are still with us; Miss Wilson, of Columbia, Miss Fitzgerald, of Quincy, and Misses Ferguson and Alcorn, of Jacksonville.

The "Dougherty Flats," located on one of the principal thoroughfares of East St. Louis, are nearing completion. They are spacious, substantial and modern. Now is the time to rent them in order to avoid the rush of 1903.

Mr. Temple, son of the assistant matron of the Columbia Institution, is permanently located in this city, as a representative of the Oliver Typewriter Co.

So dear old Professor is no more. He was greatly beloved. At the future "home comings" of the sons and daughters of Gallaudet, he will be sadly missed. The Dean is dead—long live the Dean.

The Allentown Local Branch of the Pennsylvania Society has reported to Society Treasurer Reider cash amounting to \$15.50. Its members number twenty-one (21), but Branch Treasurer Fernekes assures us that five more will be added soon. We are glad that Allentown is able to make such a good showing.

Mrs. Geo. A. Levan, who has been dangerously sick with brain fever, is said to be convalescing.

Miss C. L. Ford and Mr. Wm. McKinley visited Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, near Darby, last Saturday afternoon.

PHILADELPHIA.

In Memory of Our Late President

AGED DEAF-MUTE GONE

Minor Mention.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1888 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Thursday, 19th of September, was by special proclamation a national holiday, being the day when the last sad rites over the remains of our late beloved President, William McKinley, were held. And a genuine holiday it was. It struck us as an unusual kind of a holiday, too. How universally it was observed and what a beautiful tribute of respect it was to the man who lately governed seventy millions of people!

A memorial service was held in the evening at All Souls' Church for the Deaf, which was well attended. The order of service was specially prepared by the Bishop of the Diocese and was very beautiful. Rev. J. M. Koehler, the Pastor, was unusually eloquent in paying a tribute to the memory of President McKinley, consuming about three quarters of an hour in the delivery. After the service in church, the Cleric Literary Association held a meeting. A literary program had been prepared for the evening, but it was withdrawn out of respect to the memory of the dead President. The committee, which had been previously appointed by the president, then presented the following tribute of esteem and admiration for the late President McKinley:—

[See editorial column.]

Stephen Van Courtlandt, a graduate of the Fanwood (N. Y.) School, who resided here for a long time, died on September 16th, after a short illness.

The deceased was a file maker and twice married, a wife and married daughter surviving him. He had not been living with his wife for some time, owing to his inability to support her. This is the more sad, because he is said to have well-to-do relatives in New York State. His great-grandfather was a general under Washington, and his portrait may be seen among a lot of others in Independence Hall.

His funeral took place on the following Thursday, 19th, at two o'clock, Rev. J. M. Koehler officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Burns, a Methodist minister. Several deaf attenders the funeral, and the pallbearers were following deaf:—Washington Houston, Michael Higgins, Henry Blankenssee, W. Cooper, John A. Luke, and Mr. Whipple. The funeral was from the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel Albertus, and the interment at Odd Fellows' Cemetery.

The Philadelphia friends of Mr. Michael D. and Miss Camilla A. Barnitz, extend their sympathy to the family on the death of their brother, George A. Barnitz, who was an influential citizen of York.

The following clipping may interest the friends of Mrs. Mary H. Rocap, the mother of Dr. Rocap, and amuse others:—

A party of five sports of Olney, consisting of Dr. William Rocap, Jacob Hess, William Rieber, Frank Gillan and Harry Maxwell, went to Elkton, Md., last Monday on a three days fishing trip. After arriving at their destination, Dr. Rocap could not be induced to get into a boat, so he contented himself fishing from a friendly wharf. Messrs. Gillan and Rieber were caught in a storm, while out in a boat, and they were sorry that they didn't have a change of clothing, as they were compelled to wring the water out of the their backs. The avoidpools of Officer Hess was too much for the boat slip, on which he was standing, for just as he was about to step into the boat, the slip collapsed, and that gentleman was submerged in a couple of feet of mud and water. The party returned on Wednesday evening with plenty of hard luck fish stories, and no fish stories, and no fish. Officer Maxwell being the only one to bring a souvenir home, which is in the shape of a sore finger, out of which Doc had to dig a fish hook.

Hoy, the deaf base ball player, was here with his team, the Chicago, over Sunday. He came on from Baltimore on Wednesday evening, his team preferring to spend the holiday (September 19) in this city to Baltimore. Hoy always attends All Souls' Church when the opportunity occurs, and his friends here are always glad to see him.

George C. Saunders and family, and Miss Yamosky, all of Gallitzin, Pa., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett for a few days.

Chas. S. Yoder returned from Ocean City, N. J., last Wednesday, after an absence of several months.

Raymond W. Burdall, of Trenton, N. J., visited here over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Zell, Philip Greim and W. A. Miles, made up a party of Atlantic City excursionists recently.

Mrs. Geo. A. Levan, who has been dangerously sick with brain fever, is said to be convalescing.

Miss C. L. Ford and Mr. Wm. McKinley visited Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, near Darby, last Saturday afternoon.

Upon Her Silvered Head.

All alone out in the twilight, Grandma's
socking foot and fro,
Weaving fancies 'mongst the shadows
dancing round the portico,
Weaving smiles and sighs together over
times she used to know
With the hearts that knew and loved her in
the cherished long ago!
Watch each chase away the other—how we
wonder where they sped,
God's hand rests so lovingly upon her sil-
vered head.

Hark! she breaks the silence with a croon-
ing melody
That travels far across the years, unknown
to you or me!
Mayhap some quaint old-fashioned ditty
grandpa used to love to sing,
When he serenaded grandma 'neath her
chambers in the wing!
The chorus welling on the silence, forms a
halo overhead,
God's hand rested lovingly upon her golden
head.

Lower still becomes the music, almost to a
whisper grown,
With a tenderness pervading sweeter than
it yet has known,
While upon the evening silence snatches of
a lullaby
Melt midst a shower of memories into a
trustful sigh!
Grandma's path was not all roses, upon
thorns she too must tread,
But God's hand rests protectingly upon her
aged head.

Oh the fabric that is woven out upon the
portico,
Crossing smiles and sighs, and fancies,
memories of long ago,
Whisper of long silent voices, strains of
music vanished long,
Grandma throws the mantle 'round us,
'tis her prayer that makes it strong,
That in the fast advancing future 'neath
the wing His angel spreads,
God's hand will rest as lovingly upon our
aged heads.

WIN TERSE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Chris. E. Vernon came to Roches-
ter for the first time after a stay
of ten weeks in Buffalo, and was
surprised at the size of the city,
and the evident amount of business
being done. Although the condi-
tion of the streets are not so fav-
orable in comparison with those of
Buffalo for long distance riding,
the paths and scenery along the
Genesee River make ample and
more amends for the humpy
dumpy, jerky riding on the cobble-
and brick paved streets of the city.

Thursday evening, September
19th, the Memorial Day, was an
unfortunate time for the deaf of
Rochester and neighboring towns
Long before the death of the Presi-
dent had occurred or seemed liable
to ensue, Rev. Mr. Dantzer had
sent out about sixty invitations to
the deaf of Rochester and neighbor-
ing towns to come and celebrate the
opening of the meeting rooms of
the Guild of the Ephphatha Mission.
With the idea of having games and
other social pastimes, and an en-
joyable time, the deaf-mutes pre-
pared for the occasion.

Mrs. Lung and Mrs. Davis sent
out private instructions to the
mutes around to come and make
the affair a double event, by cele-
brating the birthday of their pastor,
which fell on the same date.

The assassination of the Presi-
dent cast a gloom over every one,
except the boisterous young chil-
dren of the visitors, who in their
innocence ran and romped around
the meeting room while Rev.
Dantzer was giving the history and
antecedents of the late Presi-
dent.

The selection of the day as a
Memorial Day all over the United
States, made the affair of a triple
character.

At about 8 o'clock Rev. Dantzer
opened the evening's meeting by
giving out the sad news of the
President's death and regretting
the necessity, on that account, of
foregoing the pleasure of having
games, and in its place hold a me-
morial address of any speakers
who might volunteer to eulogize the
President.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer then gave a
history of the President, from the
time of his humble birth to the sad
and untimely death.

After him, Miss Rose Halpen, a
teacher in the Rochester School,
gave a very instructive deduction
on the value of character from the
life of the late President.

Then followed Miss Pugh, also a
teacher in the Rochester School.
She gave a very brief, condensed,
and interesting review of the me-
morial services held in the after-
noon by the members of the mun-
icipal government and fraternal
associations of the city. It was a
thoroughly detailed item of much
interest.

Rev. Dantzer asked for more
volunteers, none responding, evi-
dently as it was getting over the
nine mark. Mr. Vernon suggested
that some one be selected to sing
the hymn "Nearer, My God, to
Thee." Miss Pugh, (for the bene-
fit of the "spellers") and Rev. Mr.
Dantzer, in signs, gave the now
doubly famous hymn.

Mrs. Lewis A. Lung, as chairlady
of the birthday, took the floor and
gave Mr. Dantzer a surprise, and
spelled out the following poem,
written by the poet laureate of the
Rochester Institution, Miss M.
Louise Pugh:

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE.

Birthday greetings we have spoken,
Birthday greetings we have spelled,
All the greetings that we tender
Are within our heart-deeps held.

Your self-denying service
We much appreciate,
Your words of loving counsel
All serve to stimulate

To noble, true endeavor,
Although the seed we sow
May not yield a present harvest,
We can wait, 'tis His, you know.

Please accept, on this occasion,
From those gathered, one and all,
Grand, good wishes for the future
And this golden token small.

Sept. 19th, 1901. M. LOUISE PUGH.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer was evidently
very much affected by the love and
respect shown him, and it was seen
also that he could hardly express
his feelings and had hard work try-
ing to keep back the tears of joy
that were ready to burst out in a
torrent. Between his efforts to ex-
press himself and his so s(?) t e
following was put down in long
hand as it flowed from his fingers:

"It is hard for the man tried—
feel like a man guilty—don't hard-
—spoken—in black and white—
and the pen—appreciate kind words
—\$5 in gold—in years to come—
may need it—thank you all."

It affected the audience more
than if he had expressed himself
more clearly, so much, that some
wished the \$5 gold-token presented
to him was of more value.

The following were present: Mr.
and Mrs. George Davis, George
Brown, Bert Stevens, Mr. and Mrs.
William S. Gibbs (nee De Willegar),
Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer and
two boys, Mr. and Mrs. Olin Hoxie,
James McCabe (house helper at the
Rochester Institution), Mr. and
Mrs. Evelyn P. Wood, Patrick
Hayes, Jacob Breithaupt, Clarence
Pasko, of Geneva, N. Y., Miss
Lottie Miller, Mrs. Phelps, of
Honeoye Falls, Mr. and Mrs. He-
bing and daughters, Miss Lulu
Wackermann, Mr. and Mrs. Frank
Wackermann, Mr. and Mrs. Chas.
Stein and two children, August
Klein, Mrs. M. Louise Pugh, Mrs.
Isabel Ronge, Mr. and Mrs. Henry
Kimmel, Fred B. House, Mr. and
Mrs. John Francis, Miss Ella Hun-
phrey, Miss Nellie A. Middlebrook,
Chris. E. Vernon, Miss Myrtle
Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Davis (nee
German), Miss Edna McClurg, Miss
Tillie Smith, Mrs. Thomas Good-
ison, Miss Florence Risley.

Chris. E. Vernon stopped eight
days in Rochester; left Saturday
last for Rome, to visit the Institu-
tion for the Deaf, and expects to be
in New York City in a few days.

John Stafflinger, of Buffalo, left
that city two weeks ago for Pitts-
burgh, Pa., on his way to a job in
Virginia.

Miss M. A. Carroll spent a week
with Miss Clara A. Smith, of
Russell, N. Y.

Chris. E. Vernon went to see one
of the committee of the birthday
party to ask about photographing
the party. Mrs. Davis was
given him as one of the committee.
He failed to see her, as she was out.
What was his surprise at the party
to find Mrs. Davis was formerly
Miss German, of Buffalo. The
photo was taken, and the negative
seems to be fair.

CHRIS. E. VERNON.

Amusement World.

Four revivals of more than or-
dinary importance are given at the
Proctor theatres in New York for
the week of September 23d-28th.
Of that number two are hilarious
comedies, one a stirring military
play and the fourth a favorite
drama of absorbing interest. The
two comedies are in line with Man-
ager Proctor's determination to
have laughing shows hold chief
prominence in his attractions.
There will be very few serious
plays in the repertoire of the
Proctor Comedy and Vaudeville
Stock Co., light comedies, farcical
offerings and all laughing shows
being the chief endeavor of this
well conducted and favorite organ-
ization.

"The Jilt" comes to Manager
Proctor's downtown home of
comedy after having amused great
throngs at his theatres further up-
town, and the assurance is given
that Dion Boucicault's fine old
comedy will have a splendid pre-
sentation. Its merit as a mirth
provoker, and the excellence of its
presentation, has been testified to
by the throngs which have been
entertained at Mr. Proctor's other
theatres by the same play during
the past fortnight. Jacques In-
audi, a man of marvelous mentality
and capacity for mathematics, will
be the feature of the vaudeville
interludes with Harry Furst, a
Hebrew impersonator, and moving
pictures by the kalatechnoscope as
other interesting numbers.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre the
greatest of all Madison Square
successes, "Hazel Kirke," is revived
with an excellent presenting
company. There is no more
potent drama in American stage
literature than this startling play
and the week promises big results.
On Wednesday afternoon a special
performance of "Camille" will be
given by the company presenting
"Hazel Kirke" during the rest of
the week, showing the versatility of
the members of the Proctor Stock
Co. The vaudeville interludes for
the week have been selected with the
usual care, the Florenze Troupe of
marvelous acrobats taking the lead
in that department of the contin-
uous amusement always provided at
the Fifth Avenue. Henry E. St
Cyr, Haster Henry Le Van, the
Flying Squadron Quartet, and the
kalatechnoscope will offer interest-
ing and diverting numbers.

The bill at the Fifty-eighth Street
Theatre will engage the Proctor

Stock Co. in their fine revival of
"A Night Off." This favorite
Augustin Daly comedy has been
seen at two of Mr. Proctor's New
York houses, and the merits of the
comedy and the excell-nce of the
presenting forces has proven a
strong magnet and given great sat-
isfaction. There will be vaudeville
a plenty for presentation between
acts including Millar W. Reed,
Werner and Reider, and the kala-
technoscope. At this theatre two
performances are given daily, the
doors closing at 5 o'clock for a two
hours intermission.

Harlemites will enjoy the splendid
revival of Harry P. Hawson's
spectacular military drama which
has scored such a hit at Mr. Pro-
ctor's down-town theatres. There
are troops of soldiers, cavalry
horses and special lighting effects,
stage realism being generously
provided for lovers of the sensa-
tional. The vaudeville numbers for
introduction between acts will in-
clude Wilson and Leicester, clever
vocalists: Anna Theresa Berger, a
fine cornetist, and moving pictures
by the kalatechnoscope.

Manager Proctor evidenced his
respect for the dead President by
closing all of the theatres on the
Proctor circuit Thursday afternoon,
the day of the funeral services.
With houses in New York, Montreal
and Albany (six in all), his tribute
to the martyred President was more
universal than that of any one
manager in America.

WILL FISH WITH ARC LIGHTS.

W. S. Mead, the New York mil-
lionaire, purposes to catch fish by
temporarily blinding them, says a
dispatch from New Haven to the
New York Post. He has fitted out
four boats, each 75 feet in length,
and will send them to the Pacific
slope. He has consulted leading
Yale zoological professors and other
leading scientists and has had con-
firmed his theory that the Yale sub-
marine electric light flashed in the
eyes of the fish will blind them,
cause them to come to the surface
and then land them in the nets
which will be hanging from the
boat's side.

Yale scientists have told him deep
sea fishing will be revolutionized by
this method of hauling out of the
deep its denizens. The idea of
catching fish by blinding them with
a powerful light was suggested to
Mr. Mead by Francis G. Hall, Jr.,
and Irving E. Burdick, the Yale
men who three years ago invented
the only submarine electric light in
existence. They are the engineers
who have fitted up for Mr. Mead
his boats, which are now in New
York waiting to be dispatched for
the Pacific.

Each boat is to have a separate
electric plant of its own. The
dynamo, directly connected with
a new type of petroleum engine, is
to be placed with its switches near
the engineer to attend to all con-
veniently. Wires are to be run
from this point to different parts of
the boat to supply current for a
new portable naval searchlight pro-
jector to be used in finding buoys,
etc., for general illumination and
for four huge Yale submarine arc
lights of several thousand candle
power each, which are to do the ac-
tual fishing.

There are more than 5,000 build-
ing and loan associations in the
United States, with one and three-
quarter million shareholders and
total net assets of more than \$450,-
000,000.

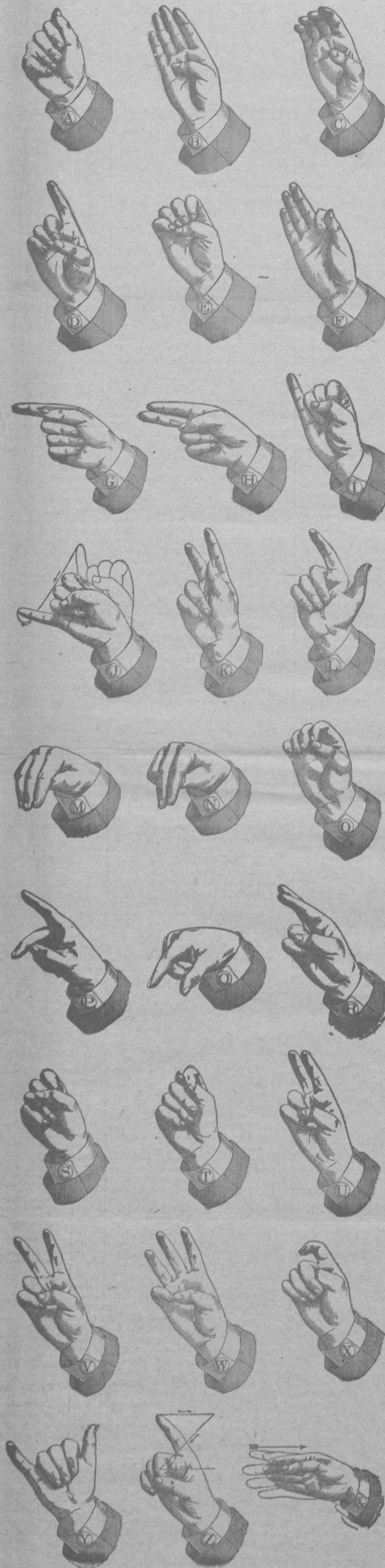
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cidentals. Much work has been
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